

Songs
of
Shakespeare



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

<https://archive.org/details/songsofshakespea00shak>

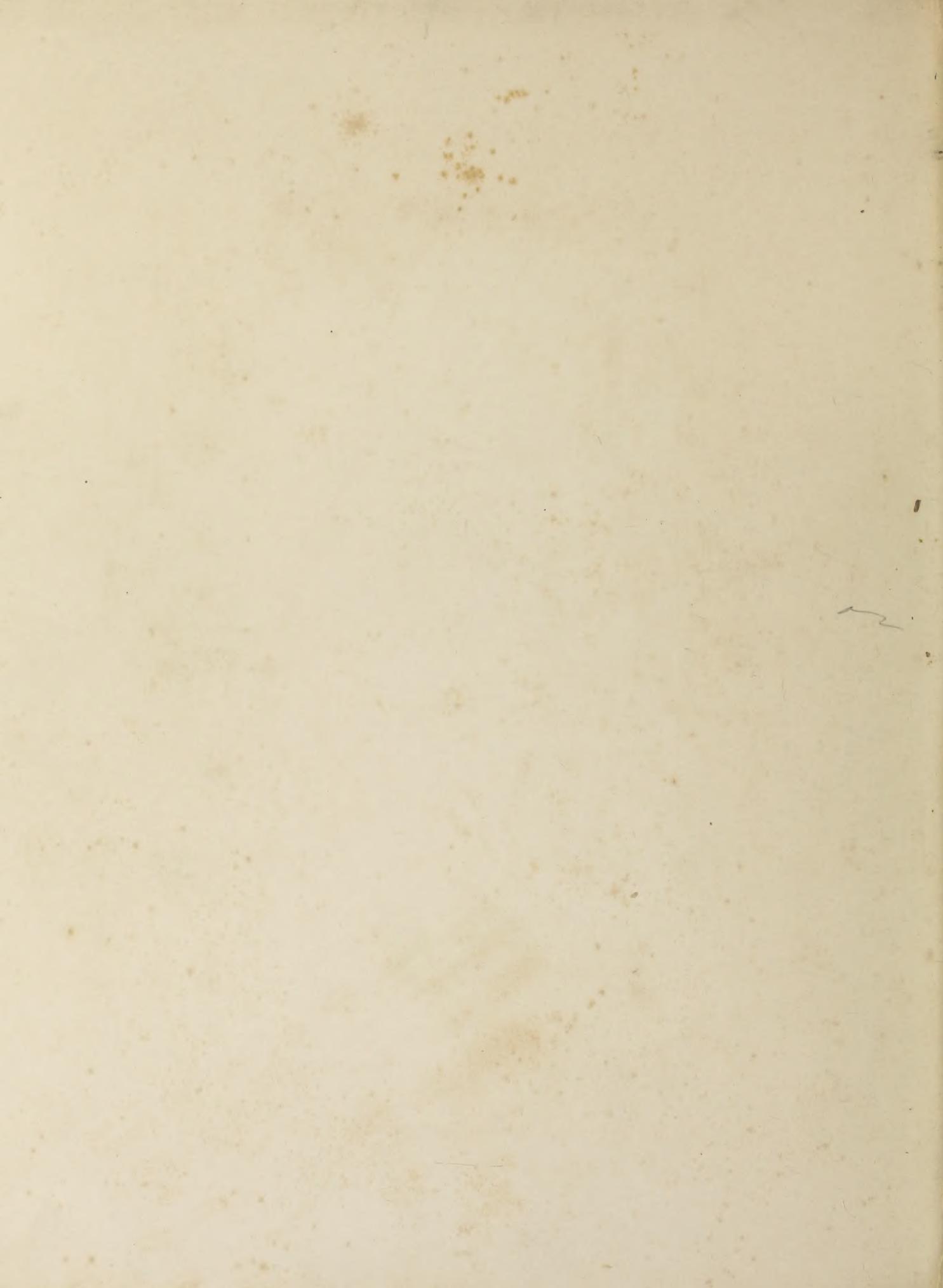


Songs
from
Shakespeare

Illuminated by

H.C. Hoskyns Abrahall

London: Printed & Published by Day & Son, Limited.



Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings
And Phœbus gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin.
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise.



Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet birds throat, —
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall we see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i'the sun,
Seeing the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets, —
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.



Come thou monarch of the vine

Plumpy **B**acchus, with pink eyne

In thy bats our cares be drown'd

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd

Cup us till the world go round

Cup us till the world go round

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As mans ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Hlthough thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho sing, heigh-ho unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
As friends remember'd not.

Heigh-ho sing, heigh-ho unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Who is **S**ilvia what is she
That all our swains commend her?
Roly fair and wise is she
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might admired be

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness
Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness
And being helped inhabits there

Ohen to **S**ilvia let us sing
That **S**ilvia is excelling
She excels each mortal thing
Apon this dull earth dwelling
Cro her let us garlands bring

Take O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again.

Bring again;
Seals of love but sealed in vain.
Sealed in vain.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.

Gell me where is fancy bred.
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Et is engendered in the eyes. ☐
TWith gazing fed; and fancy dies
En the cradle where it lies. ☐
ELet us all ring fancy's knell. ☐
EI'll begin it, — ding dong bell
Ding. ☐ ding. ☐ bell. ☐

Come away, come away, death,
Hind in sad express let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
Dyn shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 Dyn prepare it;
Dyn part of death no one so true
 Dyn share it.

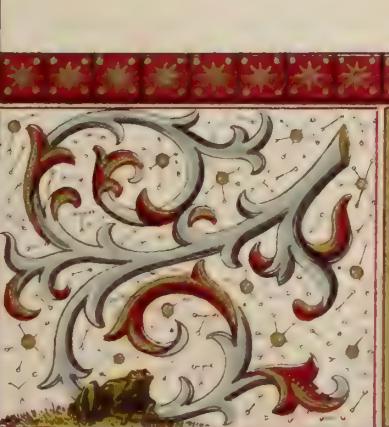
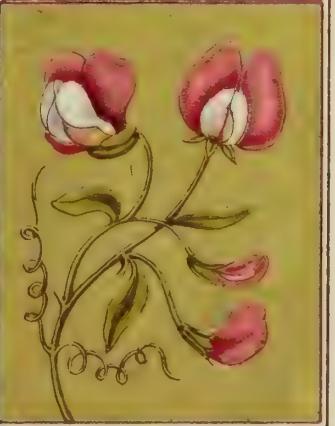
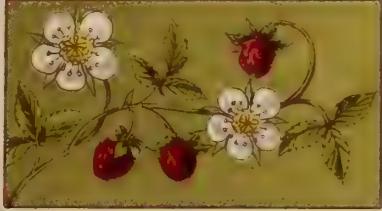
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
On poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Day me, **D** where
Sad true lover never find my grave
 Do weep there.

Aou spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Horned hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Mewts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:
Weaving spiders, come not here:
Hence, you long legg'd spinners, hence.
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence;
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Tulla, nulla, nulla, lullaby; nulla, nulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo.
Cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmens clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

W here the bee sucks, there suck E.
E n a cowslips bell E lie,
T here E couch when owls do cry:
O n a bat's back E do fly
F after summer merrily:
M errily, merrily, shall E live now.
U nder the blossom that hangs on y^e bough



Special

91-B
35904

